

Joseph Conrad

For Don Marshall

In a broken jar, the sea leaks through the cracks.
Sailors despair; nothing rocks them anymore.
The gristmill of time changes aquatic plants,
fish, prayers, and people, into yellow sand.

In a mirror, love watches its image—fright.
Their glances—a bridge stretching into the dark.
A rainbow of faces flicker in the glass;
one of them is yours but you don't know which one.

The spirit hiding in life's seashell is pain.
He is the god-figure that opens the door
and takes you to the earth's heart and the hand's palm
where long forgotten sources flow over stones.